

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

VOL. 6--NO. 38.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, MAY 31, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 298.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
Published every Saturday, at Salem, Col. Co., O.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance,
\$1.75 per annum if paid within the first six
months of the subscriber's year.

\$2.00 per annum, if payment be delayed
beyond six months.

We occasionally send numbers to those
who are not subscribers, but who are believed
to be interested in the dissemination of anti-sla-
very truth, with the hope that they will either
subscribe themselves, or use their influence to
extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion,
to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor,
All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

Anniversary Speeches.

Our limits will only permit us to give ex-
tracts from some of the many excellent and
eloquent speeches delivered at the recent an-
niversary of the American Anti-Slavery So-
ciety. The following is from Mr. GARRI-
SON's introductory address:

In the month of December, 1833, the
friends of immediate and unconditional eman-
cipation, were summoned to meet in conven-
tion at Philadelphia, for the purpose of putting
forth to the world a declaration of senti-
ments against Slavery, and to form an Ameri-
can Anti-Slavery Society. That convention
was held. A declaration of sentiments was
adopted; and on that declaration as a basis
for all future action, a national society was at
that time organized. That society is the one
whose anniversary we are here to celebrate.
For 17 years, through much trial and vic-
titude, through sunshine and storm,—very
little sunshine and a good deal of storm,—
this society has annually met at New York.
This year we do not meet in the commercial
emporium, but we are here, as you perceive,
in Syracuse. (Cheers.) We are not per-
mitted—ay, it has come to this that we are not
permitted by a power greater than liberty in
this land, greater than the Constitution of the
country, and aspiring to be greater than the
law of God,—we are not permitted to hold
our anniversary in the great city of New
York.

Not a meeting-house, not a hall, can be ob-
tained in that city for this purpose. We pre-
sent ourselves under these circumstances for
the first time to the good people in this part
of the Empire State. It seems very proper
that we should make a clean breast of it at
once, and tell you precisely who we are, and
what we are, that you may decide for your-
selves whether we are worthy of "bonds" or
"death." I therefore call upon one who
has been early in the cause, and who has
been most faithful, most untiring, and most
uncompromising; one whose name is ap-
pended to the declaration to which I have
alluded—my worthy friend and coadjutor,
Samuel J. May, to read that declaration.

Mr. SAMUEL J. MAY then read the Decla-
ration of the Philadelphia Convention.

Mr. GARRISON then resumed: Such are
the sentiments, the purposes, and the mea-
sures of the American Anti-Slavery Society,
and from them, I believe, that society has
never swerved in the least degree to this hour.
Why then should not this society be every-
where welcomed; if not in the midst of
Slavery at the South, at least all over our free
North? Why is it that if slaveholders, and
slave-breeders, and slave-drivers must com-
bine against us—the friends of freedom—
professely such, aye, the Christians of the
free States are not one with this Society, and
united for the purpose of abolishing Slavery?
We utter no new doctrine—we promulgate
no new truths. There is nothing radical,
nothing ultra, nothing fanatical in all that we
utter at more than can be found in the decla-
ration of American Independence, and in the
Gospel of Jesus Christ. And yet, as I re-
marked, at the outset, this society is not al-
lowed to hold its regular anniversary in the
great city of New York; a city with half a
million of people—a city swarming with
churches built and dedicated to the worship
of Almighty God, and to the honor of his Son,
our common Saviour and Redeemer; a city
supplied with magnificent halls, and yet not
one among all of them, can be obtained for
any amount of money, or on any other con-
sideration, because the spirit of Slavery has
entire mastery over the city; because the
mob spirit rules the city of New York; be-
cause they who are willing to allow this so-
ciety to hold its meetings there, are overawed
in the presence of that brutality which
pervades that great city. It is not enough,
it seems, for the slave power in the slave
States to say to every man, "whoever under-
takes to impeach me, or to say ought against
me, shall die." You know that that is the
case in the slave States. There are brave
men and women too I know all over the free
States; but is there the man or woman brave
enough to go to the Carolinas, and there
stand up and protest against Slavery in the
name of humanity, and to recognize the
slave as a brother man, and to arraign the
slaveholder as a man stealer? I will not
impeach the bravery of those who are here,
or elsewhere; but I mean to say that whoever
should do this, be it man or woman, that
person would perish in the attempt. In all
that vast extent of country there is no such
thing as a *free* conscience, a *free* mind, a *free*
speech. There are thousands of pulpits in
the slave States, heterodox, and orthodox of
all forms in religion, and yet there is not a
single man filling any of those pulpits, who
dares openly to remember those in bonds as
bound with them. There are multitudes of
churches in all the slave States naming the
name of Christ, and yet among all these
churches is there one that dares boldly and
uncompromisingly to grapple with Slavery
on the spot? If it should make the attempt,
would it not perish? Such is our condition
in the year 1851, as pertains to the Southern
portion of the country, and to those associated
with and interested in the slave power at the

North. We here at the North are no longer
to have any thought, any opinion, any free-
dom of speech, or the right peaceably to as-
semble together to discuss the great cause
of liberty—at least it seems not in the great
city of New York. We are no longer to be
tolerated. We are asked what we are at
the North to do with Slavery? In reply I
will reverse the interrogatory and ask, "What
has Slavery to do with us at the North?"

We have at least the freedom of talking
about liberty. If in the slave States we may
not speak against Slavery, may we not
among our own free institutions, lift our voices
in favor of our free institutions and against
Slavery. What has Slavery to do with us?

Instead of this, we should, I think, be asked,

"What have we not to do with Slavery?"

We have long known you, though we have not before

at least many of us, seen your faces, or heard

your voices, still, I say, we have long known

you. We have known you from the produc-
tions of your pens, from the numerous re-
ports of your works of faith and your labors
of love. We recognize you, sir, and your
noble associates as the pioneers of our great
and glorious and blessed Anti-Slavery Cause.
And not only this, sir, but we recognize you
as having well followed up what we have
well begun. (Cheers.) We have to say,
and I lament the necessity, to some Aboli-
tionists, "ye did run well." We can say
this of you; but we can add, and "ye did
continue to run well." (Loud cheers.) I
hope, sir, that you will feel yourselves at
home amongst us. We welcome you from
the very bottom of our hearts. We wel-
come you to the city of Syracuse in the name
of free discussion. I welcome you to this
city of free discussion. You have referred
to our remarks, to the outrage on the right
of free speech which the City of New York
has been guilty of. Honorably, gloriously,
does the rising city of Syracuse contrast with
the great city of New York. (Cheers.)

Yes, sir, we welcome you to the city of
Syracuse. We welcome you to Central
New York. We welcome you to our homes.
We welcome you to our hearts. And not
only is it the American Anti-Slavery Society
that we welcome—we welcome also George
Thompson. (Immense cheering.) For being
a foreigner, he is not, perhaps, technically
a member of the American Anti-Slavery
Society. I know that he is substantially
such, for I know that his heart is in the full-
est sympathy with your principles and the
spirit of your measures. We welcome him,
and are glad to see him again. We shall be
glad to come once more under the fascina-
tion of his eloquence. We shall be glad to
hang once more upon those lips, all of whose
utterances are constructed to Truth and
Freedom. (Cheers.) We welcome you, and
we beg you to speak out freely, not to feel
yourselves hampered by any consideration.
Tell us of our errors that we may correct
them; for we Abolitionists of Central New
York have our errors. We are willing to re-
ceive light into our minds from any source
whatever. Our hearts are open to the in-
fluences of truth, come from whatever quarter
they may. Speak out to us freely; we
shall receive it in all the affectionateness of
our hearts, whatever you may say to us.—
(Cheers.)

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, next
addressed the meeting, and was on rising,
greeted with much applause. I thank Mr.

Gerrit Smith for his generous reception of
the American Anti-Slavery Society, with
which I have been identified from the begin-
ning. Coming from him the most distin-
guished philanthropist of New York, this
welcome is peculiarly grateful. (Applause.)

For one, I am more especially gratified by
his generous words, because there are many
in all this community who may not have sup-
posed that he and those who are known in
this region as the most uncompromising
abolitionists have been, and are still, not so
alienated from the New England abolitionists
but that he and they may co-operate with
such men as Mr. Garrison, Wendell
Phillips, Mrs. Abby K. Foster, Francis Jack-
son and others, that could be named in that
glorious company. (Applause.) But, sir, I
do assure you I have known it to be other-
wise since I have had the happiness of re-
siding in this place. Soon after coming
here I attended a meeting of the abolitionists
of this region, known as the Liberty party.
It was received by them with the utmost
cordiality, and allowed to express my opin-
ions whether they agreed or whether they
differed from theirs, with the utmost free-
dom. I heard from them the most cordial
expressions of regard for the American Anti-
Slavery Society, however we were known to
differ from them in our *modus operandi*. As
to an interest in the Anti-Slavery cause, I do
not believe that it has ever been less in the
bosom of Gerrit Smith and his fellow lab-
orers than in ours. (Cheers.) They have
differed from us on one or two points, that
in times past seemed to us of little im-
portance, because they tended to shape a
different course to that pursued by us; but if
they believed the Constitution of the United
States to be an Anti-Slavery document, it
has been the anti-slavery determination to make
it tell for the accomplishment of that for which
by their interpretation they believed it to be
designed, not less than we who believe in
the American Constitution to be a pro-slavery
document have determined to do what
we can to overturn it. Both they and we
have aimed at the same result—the over-
throw of American Slavery, believing it to
be the greatest curse of our country, as well
as of our common humanity.

Edmund Quincy Esq., then rose to sup-
port the resolutions in reference to Mr.

Thompson and the abolitionists of Great

Britain. He said:

There are many things, for which this na-
tion prides itself; many qualities of mind,
of heart, and of character which America
seems to think peculiarly belonging to her-
self, and which Americans seem to consider
in a manner as their monopoly, to which
no one else may interfere. I think that it is
entitled to one characteristic, one to which
it does not always lay claim, and that is to

come *Summer* [enthusiastic cheers]. That is
only the first drop of the coming shower.—
Put down this cause! They will never bind
the spirit of Freedom; it will go on, and
ultimately it must triumph. (Loud cheers.)

GERRIT SMITH, who was on rising,
said:

I will not express to you, sir, all the pleasure
I feel in this visit of the American Anti-
Slavery Society to the city of Syracuse. I
hope that you and your associates will feel
ourselves to be at home amongst us. I hope
you will feel that you are not among strangers,
most of whom are strangers to us, though

we have long known you, though we have not before

seen you, though we have not before

Salem Quarterly Meeting.

A word in relation to Salem Quarterly Meeting held at Columbiana 10th inst., may not be amiss in The Bugle.

It is known that, for some years past, there has been a collision of sentiment amongst the members of the society of Friends in relation to their duties as regards the various reform movements of the age.

One party contending that members ought not to co-operate with those, outside of society, to promote the Anti-Slavery, the Temperance and other kindred enterprises in Reform; the other assuming the propriety of associating with all who may be interested in advancing the cause of humanity, irrespective of their opinions on theological questions unconnected with the platform on which they co-operate.

In order to understand the position that each occupied at this meeting it is necessary to step back to the last Quarterly Meeting a moment to get hold of the fact of adjournment.—All the business done at last meeting was to adjourn; and the Clerk being one of the illiberal framed his minute so as to adjourn the Quarterly meeting to meet at Columbiana instead of Beaver-Falls the regular place of holding the meeting. The manifest object of the Clerk, in thus wresting the Quarter from its legitimate place of meeting was to separate themselves from the liberals.—But it did not succeed, and after the illiberal had succeeded in inducing women Friends to adjourn theirs to Columbiana, the Clerk in order to avoid the difficulty, as far as possible that circumvented him, finally left out COLUMBIANA, and adjourned the meeting without specifying the place adjourned to. But all parties understood that Columbiana would be the place.

All met, and James Hambleton, who was the regular Clerk, but was absent at the last meeting, being present took his seat at the table, when Samuel Nichols who had served as Clerk *pro tem* at the last meeting, objected to James Hambleton serving as Clerk,—this took the liberals and J. Hambleton by surprise,—and after considerable discussion, I think the Nichols party explanation was about this. The regular Quarterly meeting should have been held at Beaver-Falls, consequently the regular Clerk should have been there instead of Columbiana, that this was not the regular Q. M. but had assembled in consequence of an invitation issued by Columbiana Monthly meeting to such as would unite in carrying out the order of the Yearly meeting to Salem Monthly meeting to erase the minute receiving Oliver Johnson's certificate, and that they had come to hold a meeting under that call, that they would not hand in their reports to the Clerk, or to any one who would not serve them under the call from Columbiana and in no event would they co-operate with Salem Monthly meeting.

James Hambleton would not serve any party either illiberal or liberal, and unless they would go on together he could not serve.

The illiberal then appointed Edward Hoops Clerk, Samuel Nichols assistant to go on with their business under the call and although some of the liberals protested against their proceeding thus, and though their trespassing against the rights of the Quarterly meeting yet they had nerve enough to brave it through. The liberals waited till the others closed and then held what they called the regular Quarterly meeting in which they agreed to appoint a conference to be held 14th of next month, and appointed a Committee to co-operate with New Haven Quarter in getting up the conference. What each party will do now is a matter of speculation.—I think the Nichols party are very much pleased that they have succeeded in thrusting the liberals from them, as they now anticipate a peace in their Zion, but there are some that go with them who eventually will not bear proscription in silence but induce again trouble in the camp.

How long the other party will continue, it is hard to foretell, perhaps they have not veneration sufficient to exist apart from the other party, nor perhaps have they sectarianism enough, to exist long without those whose main business would be to keep up the machinery of their religion organizations: Most of those denominational liberal Friends have sympathies warmly enlisted in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and I think it can truly be said, that, that is THE question which produced the division in the Quarterly Meeting. Many too of the illiberal, have a warm abstract sympathy for the Slave, but still stronger one to preserve their ecclesiastical organization.

Christian Anti-Slavery Convention.

This convention, it will be recollect to be held at Chicago Ill., commencing on the 3d of July next. We have not access to the call for the Convention, but we understand one of the prominent topics of discussion will be the separation of the church from slavery. The call embraces christians without regard to sect.

The Ohio Star states that arrangements are being made on the different lines of travel, to carry members of this convention to and fro, at reduced rates. Arrangements are already completed for carrying delegates from Cleveland to Chicago for \$5, (half price) making \$10 both ways.

Ravenna Convention.

The Free Soilers of Ravenna have given a hearty response to the proposition of the Painesville Convention, for a Mass Convention for the Western Reserve, on the 25th of June. Read the notice of the Committee of arrangements which we publish to-day.

The extracts from the anniversary speeches on our First Page, as also the report of the annual meeting in our last should have been credited to the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, is lecturing to large and enthusiastic audiences in Mass., on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law and D. Webster.

eler has lately been made acquainted with the Anti-Slavery movement of this country, by a lady from Paris who is now on a visit to the United States, and who is now present at this meeting; and so deep is the interest which Mr. S. feels in this movement that he has conceived the purposes of establishing a newspaper in Paris, one of the objects of which should be to co-operate with us in its promotion. Some time since, Mr. Schoeler had written to Mr. McKim to know if the Abolitionists of the United States would contribute money to aid in the establishment of his paper, but on learning that the Fugitive Slave Law had created an emergency which absorbed all their money as well as almost all their sympathies, he lost no time in writing to withdraw his request; and now, said Mr. McKim, instead of coming to us as an applicant for our means, he appears before us, through his friend, as a contributor of a portion of his own. (Applause.) Mr. McKim expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having the co-operation of the French Abolitionists in our holy cause. The public sentiment of England has been brought to bear with great effect against our American Slave system; but let a similar influence be exerted, in co-operation, by France, the most highly civilized nation of Europe, and it will not be long till this infernal system shall be uprooted and forever abolished. American Slavery cannot stand against the public sentiment of the civilized world.

As an illustration of the need of such a newspaper as Mr. S. proposed to establish, and of the ignorance which prevailed even in the most intelligent and polite circles of Paris, Mr. McKim mentioned the fact that it had lately been stated from the Tribune of the Assembly that the Abolitionists of the United States were unworthy of confidence, and that not a few of them were owners of slave possessions in the Island of Cuba. (Laughter, with cries of "preposterous!") Preposterous and absurd, however, as this seems to us, (said Mr. McKim) such is the profound ignorance which prevails on this subject in Paris, that there are men there, intelligent on other subjects, who believed it. A paper such as Mr. Schoeler proposes is greatly needed, and would be an invaluable auxiliary to the cause. (Great Applause.)

Parker Pillsbury then addressed the meeting upon the moral revolution now agitating the nation, a revolution which as much transcends in greatness the Revolution of 1776 as eternity is greater than time.

We are surrounded by traitors who, for emoluments of office, have sold the liberty of millions of the colored race and sold our liberties also. The men who have thus bartered away our liberties, if they had lived in the days of Washington, would have been found on the side of tyranny.—Who would believe that a revolution for liberty ever took place in this land? There were but few slaves in the land then, and the number is now increased to three millions! Were it not for Bunker Hill monument, and other symbols to tell of the event, who now could say anything to remind him that there had been a revolution here, and bloody battles fought for liberty. The monument at Bunker Hill seems to the candid investigator for truth, like one of the cold marble columns which one sees sometimes in the graveyards—over the graves of rich misers—built to commensurate virtues which never existed, in memory of some proud miscreant, whose only good act to the world was done in dying and leaving it. (Applause.)

When the Court House at Boston was in chains—when armed men were in the streets to help the Slave Power—when poor Sims was carried away into bondage, I thought it was time to dig the grave of liberty—to dig the grave of Bunker Hill, and dig to Plymouth, to tell where the last remains of all for which the Pilgrims toiled, and the heroes fought, lay buried. (Applause.)

The subject of Finance was taken up, and earnest and thrilling speeches made by Abby K. Foster, Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Ciner. "Oz said Mr. Garrison, for the intellect of a Webster; Oz, for the rhetoric of a Clay, to plead this cause as it should be pleaded, but I can only call you to duty and point you to the thousands of wounds of the bondsmen, and let these poor dumb wounds plead with you. The slave is abandoned of all but the Abolitionists. They alone care for him.—The Bible Society have resolved to give the word of God to the whole world, but the 3,000,000 of slaves in this land are not within that world of the Bible Society! They are left to perish, and if we care not for them they will not be cared for. We are forbidden to teach them the word of God! No right must enter their dark minds! When Sims was taken from the Court House the ruffians waited till the moon went down, for they were afraid of her mild light! And when they reached the street there was a lamp burning there, and one called out "for God's sake put out the light!" He should have said for the Devil's sake, for God in the beginning said "Let there be light!" (Unbound applause.)

Wm. H. Burleigh rose and said that he had held and still held somewhat different views of the *modus operandi* of the cause of Abolition, but he wished there, before the world, to give his contribution to the American Anti-Slavery Society, to give his heart and hand to the veterans in the cause, and for the future co-operation in all the great measures for the advancement of the cause. The time, he said, had come when all the minor differences should be forgotten, and together all friends of Freedom should make common cause against Slavery.

This, from Burleigh, was received with the most heartfelt applause by the whole audience.

Edmund Quincy, Esq. of Mass., was introduced to the audience.

Mr. Quincy said—"Mr. Chairman, the *N. Y. Herald* last week says, two Conventions for the dissolution of the American Union are to be held, one in Syracuse and one in Charleston, S. C. Why, Sir, is this? Why the Southerners think that the Constitution of the country does not secure to them their rights. South Carolina and Georgia bullied the nation into making a Pro-Slavery Constitution. I will do the people of South Carolina the justice to say, that I like their spirit, for I believe in the right of secession, and I do say that the American Anti-Slavery Society and members of the Southern Rights Convention, are the only people of spirit in the land. The Government of this country is professedly formed for the protection of the people; but it has entirely abandoned

the Slave, and we, the free people, so called, have no protection. What protection does it give the free colored man at the North? Why any one may take the free colored man at the North by making oath that he is his property. We, the free people, are liable to imprisonment and fine for an act of common humanity toward the defenseless slave. What protection have you, Sir, from the Government? You, for no crime, are denounced and a reward of \$5,000 is upon your head. You have little cause to be thankful for your protection from the Government.

Take the case of the *Accredited*. For going to South Carolina the *Accredited* agent of Massachusetts to test a simple question of civil law, he was driven with violence and gross insult from her borders; and not he alone, but the old Bay State, was thus kicked out. And this indignity to a sovereign State has never been stoned for. What is the protection of the United States Government to Samuel Hovey?

And when the Mississippi bore to the Ocean the blood of Lovejoy, did the Government avenge the dead? No; it did not. By that act we suffered.

"Then you, and I, and all of us fell down, While bloody Treason flourished over us."

But about one hundred and thirty thousand *actual* slaveholders have always ruled this vast nation, now containing twenty millions of souls! The signet of our country is the branding-iron, the thumb-screw, the whip and the chain.

The speech of Mr. Quincy was of great power and surpassing beauty.

Gerrit Smith being loudly called for, took the platform amidst the acclamations of the assembly. He remarked that he regarded so cordial a call from that assembly as indeed a compliment. As he looked over the audience he saw heart and brains enough to stock twenty political meetings, but he could not consent to take the time, when the audience were waiting to hear George Thompson.—He closed with a happy allusion to Mr. T's labors in this land, as the missionary of Freedom, and the "impudence" with which he was charged in daring to tell the American nation of its guilt and call it to repentance.

Geo. Thompson rose and was received with three cheers.—He said: "The gentleman who just left the stand, alluded to my so called impudence. Well, Sir, I must confess to the possession of a tolerable stock of such impudence as that to which he has alluded; and I do not much wonder, when I see so many of my countrymen who are professed friends of Freedom in England, for the love of dollars and cents, sell her in the market of America." (Cheers.)

When I see the Coxes, the Hobys, the Spencers and the Buckinghams, who have turned the lyre of liberty in England desert her cause in America. I do not wonder that the people of this country look upon me as a "rara avis" when they find that I will not sacrifice the interest of the Slave for my own popularity and comfort in America. (Prolonged Cheering.) Why, Sir, Dr. Cox of Brooklyn lectured in Logsdon on the subject of Temperance. He could find no sellers there enough to apply to the sellers and users of intoxicating drink, and he is the man who now classes me for my plain language upon American slavery, with thieves, robbers and murderers. He wrote letters, such as I trust I shall never write, abusing the hospitality he received, and published them just as he left the country, not then knowing that the steamer would stick fast in Dunham Bay, and that he should, in consequence, go back to London to meet the men whose kindness he had abused. We look over the ocean and see a Nation in chains. You have taken three millions of creatures, written all over with the signature of God, and written upon them *Beast!* A fouler act of Atheism was never committed in the history of the world! "Put out the light and then put out the light!" You have put out the light of the intellect of millions of men, and in its blackness the act stands pre-eminent on the records of time. There is no excuse for slaveholding in this country—even if it could in any possible case be excused for a moment—for your country is rich in every thing. You draw boundless wealth from the soil and from the sea. Slavery is sustained solely for the gratification of the most brutal lust—for the gratification of the most sordid avarice—for the gratification of the most mean and shabby political ambition!

It is utterly impossible to give any adequate idea of Mr. Thompson's magnificent speeches at this Convention.

Mr. McKim of Philadelphia, spoke of the husband of Euphemia Williams, to whose case he referred yesterday. He stated that the husband of this woman had been sentenced to the Moyamensing Prison upon very slight evidence of their; evidence, which in the case of a white man, he doubted would have been sufficient for conviction. He had with others, including the *complainant* and *parties to the prosecution*, petitioned Governor Johnston to pardon the convict.

They all felt that if the prisoner was guilty, the sentence was cruelly disproportioned to the crime, and that his punishment had already been sufficiently severe. The slave-hunters had been to the prison and claimed the man as a slave, but had unwise told their errand and intention to apply to the Governor for a pardon, for the purpose of securing the man as their slave. Whether this was done he could not say, but Gov. Johnston was not the man to prostitute his official power, to play into the hands of the slave-hunters. For the public reasons mentioned, however, the Governor had pardoned the man, and said Mr. McKim, here he is! and the poor fellow stood up and was received by the audience.

Wm. Goodell made an excellent speech setting forth the guilt of the churches, and urging political action for the abolition of Slavery. He said already in New York State he could count by scores independent Christian Churches who owe no allegiance but to God, and who utterly repudiate Slavey, War and every other sin. (Great applause.)

Mr. Garrison rose instantly, and said that toward those churches the American Anti-Slavery Society held no opposition, but bid them God speed.

Thomas Whitson, of Pennsylvania, made a telling speech full of sound sense and sound reasoning, which was received with strong demonstration of approval.

Mr. Douglass then spoke, and stated that his opinions had recently changed materially in relation to the duty of political action, and intimated that he should no longer oppose it.

H. C. Wright spoke upon the nature of the sin of Slavery, and proved from nature, from

the law of right written on the human heart, that if the Bible does really sustain Slavery, the Bible, by that act, demonstrates that it is not from God, but is false and spurious—but he utterly denied that the Bible did sustain Slavery—it was Anti-Slavery from Genesis to Revelations.

Wm. H. Burleigh made a powerful speech, strongly marked with the logical reasoning and the well known eloquence of the Burleighs.

Rev. Mr. Pryne, of Wayne county, spoke at length upon the duty of political action.

Mr. Goodell rose and uttered the following sentiment, which was rapturously received:

"We will act together, though we may use different means—yet our ends is the same—Constitution, or no Constitution—Law, or no Law—Government, or no Government—Millard Fillmore and his army, or no Millard Fillmore and his army—God helping us, brethren, *SLAVERY SHALL DIE!* [Tremendous cheering.]

Charles Sedgwick, Esq., made a very able speech. He said he did not agree with Mr. Garrison in many things; but Mr. Garrison and his friends claimed the largest liberty of speech, and were also willing to grant it to others. (Applause.)

Mr. Sedgwick spoke of the utter wickedness of Chattel Slavery—of the party tramps which too often kept men from doing their duty to the slave. He spoke of the flat cotton, and said that it would probably change entirely the whole aspect of affairs, and make the commercial interests of the land free from the influence of the Slave Power of the South; and it was the duty of all to assist in every way the development of this new invention, and the time might soon come when the hempen plant which the Mississippi Senator thought only useful to hang up his brother Free Soil Senator might be used to hang the Slave System as high as Heaven! [Great applause.]

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Mr. Sedgwick

Cincinnati Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, May 17, 1851.

To the Editor of *The Bugle*: I can bear testimony to the general carefulness and correctness with which the Bugle is printed; the typographical errors of your compositor are not numerous, but in my last letters in the paper of the 3rd inst., are two or three which require the most correction, caused very probably by my bad manuscript which was written in more than usual haste. In my first letter the name of *Southern Slave* is printed uniformly wrong. The name of our new and worthy Mayor should be *Mark P. Taylor*. Your printer makes me say that Barnum and Jenny Lind each gave \$150 for benevolent purposes before leaving the city. It should have been \$1,500, making \$1,000 given by both, to which add the proceeds of the admission fees to the auctions (\$400) and we have nearly \$3,500 distributed by these persons in charity in our city. The Mayor has made a public announcement of the disposition he made of this money. \$1500 was given to the Relief Union an excellent institution for the relief of the poor in the city; the balance was divided among the Orphan Asylums, Protestant and Catholic and the Daughters of Temperance. The *Colored Orphan Asylum* received its full share in the distribution.

Your correspondent who gives an account of the Anti-Slavery Convention does injustice, it seems to me, to those Free Soilers who did not attend or did not take any active part in the meeting. It is true there was some show of impartiality in the formation of the business Committee, but the call for the Convention, signed by ladies, the organization and leading speakers, made it apparent enough that it was the spirit and tendency a Garrisonian, Woman's Rights, Non-Voting convention. What may have been the intention of those who call it to its being a "Union" Convention is not all practical purposes a meeting of that class of Abolitionists. So it was generally received here, and I supposed it so plain that one could scarcely be a doubt about it. This may not be in entire. A year previous a Christian Anti-Slavery Convention was held in the Vine St. Church, (Rev. Mr. Boynton's *sympathetic*, not *Baptist* as your Correspondent) which though not in the terms of *abolition*, was just as generally considered, as by common consent, a meeting of Anti-Slavery connected with what are called the "Evangelical" or "Orthodox" Churches and nine-tenths if not more in attendance were of this class. In this, as in the present case there was nothing wrong. Each party has its favorite, both in regard to voting and other agencies promoting the cause, and sees in the other's measures it deems injudicious; and, as a general thing, work but by holding up our own Conventions and carrying out its measures alone. It is very likely that Mr. Lewis, Senator Chase, and other well-going Anti-Slavery men who disapprove of many of the *peculiar* doctrines and views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, views of the Women's Rights party, and entire spirit and tendency of the school system and reform of the school system, representative, may have thought it their duty to stay away. Had they taken an active part in the proceedings: it was a time in which both parties we may believe conscientiously and in which they should be judged harshly of their motives called in question by others. In such things it seems to me should go for the *largest freedom of opinion*, when we know from past experience, that in cases of Freedom the heart is right, and Lewis is the last man in the world who should accuse or suspect of being out of his Abolitionism. A more disinterested, warm hearted, self-sacrificing friend of his rights lives not beneath the sun.

I have known before I saw him Chairman of the Anti-Slavery Convention that L. A. Hine was an Abolitionist, though I have long known him. A year I have heard him speak in representation of the Bugle, and of the views maintained by Garrison, and though a writer for the National Era he has never been able to go so far as Dr. Bailey in opposition to Slavery. If a good Abolitionist, he must be a *great*. Between his devotion and services to us and those of Lewis, Chase and others there can be no comparison.

Wednesday we were at Port Byron. Garrison had lost his voice entirely, so that he could only speak in a whisper, and was unable, therefore, to say a single word. But Thompson made it all up, not only speaking two hours in the afternoon, but again in the evening. His speech in the evening was the greatest thing of its kind I ever heard. *Of its kind*, I say, for it was not better than the one on Sunday afternoon, for it was not like it. That was powerful and terrible, this was beautiful. It made me think of the words of Gerrit Smith at Syracuse, when, in his speech of welcome, addressing himself to the abolitionists of Central New York, and speaking of Thompson, he said, "we are glad to be brought once more under the fascination of his eloquence!" I never heard anything so much like *eloquence* before.

Thursday at Conestoga had two good meetings. Parker Pillsbury and J. W. Walker are lecturing in this region. I ought to have said that Sojourner Truth will spend the summer in Ohio.

To-day come to this place and met our friend Mathews. At the request of Mr. Thompson he gave an account of the outrage perpetrated on him in Ky. In the evening Brother Mathews and myself held a meeting, it was a good one. We were aided by the excellent music of the Luca Family colored, from N. Haven.

Yours in the good cause,
JOSEPH TREAT.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

The proportion of the slaves to the free population, in New Orleans is one to five.

The Provincial Parliament of Canada was opened at Toronto on the 22 inst.

Mr. Webster has been invited to speak before the Virginia Convention.

From sixteen to twenty fugitive slaves are said to pass through Oswego weekly.

The Cherokee population in all amounts to near 20,000 souls.

The enlargement of the Capitol at Washington, is to be commenced on the first of June.

A new rail-road route has been surveyed from St. Louis to Vincennes, Ill. It is designed eventually to extend it to Cincinnati.

A Texan kidnapper on his return from the capture of a fugitive was shot through the heart by a Mexican. The slave returned to Mexico.

We notice by the English papers that the expected addition to the Royal family of England has been postponed *sine die*.

A despatch from Washington says: "The letter of Chas. Sumner, in which he avows himself in favor of the Union, has created considerable surprise here, and is greatly admired."

The second Sunday of May is the day fixed by the Constitution of France, for the election of President and members of the National Assembly.

Board at the World's Fair varies from \$20 to \$50 per week. The number of visitors is constantly increasing—210,000 persons have obtained passports from France alone for this purpose.

A suit is now pending in N. Y., between the Methodist Episcopal Church North, and the Church South, on a claim for the Book establishments in New York and Cincinnati.

Rev. H. S. Gordon has been excluded from the Baptist Church in Georgetown, for inviting Christians of all denominations to the communion Table. That will do for evangelical slaveholders.

Samuel R. Thurston, delegate to Congress from Oregon, died at Acapulco on the 9th of April. He had under his charge the five ladies sent out by the National board of popular education as teachers to Oregon.

The receipts of the Am. Board of Com., for Foreign Mission, during the nine months of the current financial year, have been \$185,500 being an advance of \$17,301 upon the corresponding months of the previous year.

In the Legislature of Massachusetts the bill to abolish capital punishment was rejected—Yea 97, Nays 172. The proposition to remove the seat of Government from Boston has passed the House to a third reading.

The American Temperance Union reported at its recent anniversary, 7,000 liquor shops in the cities of the State of New York, selling liquor annually to the amount of \$25,000,000; this exclusive of the villages and country.

Amongst the curiosities at the Great Exhibition is a coat of Irish frieze from the establishment of Messrs. Keasey & Co., which may be altered into nine different shapes! We hope after it is shown, it will be presented to some of our politicians, say Mr. Webster.

We understand that the surrender of Sims cost the General Government over ten thousand dollars, the city of Boston, about the same amount, and the claimant about twenty-four hundred dollars, making an aggregate of more than twenty thousand dollars.

The Free Soil party appears just now to have a strong appetite for slippery politicians.—*Atlas*.

It does seem to have an appetite for politicians who sit up in Congress, vide, Sumner, Allen, Mann, Fowler and Co., and, by and by, Palfrey and Rantoul. A majority of the People seem to have a similar appetite.—*Essex Freeman*.

The Virginia Convention concurred in the decision of the Committee of the Whole on the basis question. Bills were presented embracing propositions to base the representation in both Houses on the federal numbers and white population, which would give the East and West an equal number. They were ordered to be printed. The Compromise is safe.

The Constitutional Convention of Maryland has recently adjourned, providing for the election of judges by the people—a homestead exemption to the amount of \$500—and abolishing lotteries and imprisonment for debt, and Clergymen are ineligible to a seat in the legislature.

During the thirty four years since its organization, the Colonization Society has expended one million and a quarter of dollars. The National Society has removed 6,116 emigrants at a cost of \$149,38 per head. A miserable expenditure, to gratify the prejudice of the North and the avarice of the South.

New but hopeful: The Bishop of London has extended an invitation to the distinguished ministers who may visit the world's Fair—to preach in the houses of the established church. Arrogating to herself the character of the true Church, she has heretofore refused to admit her pulpit any but her own clergy.

A Chartist Convention has recently been held in London, as we learn from the Tribune, which has put forth its creed embracing among others the following reforms: Universal male suffrage—annual parliaments—vote by ballot—eligibility of voters without regard to wealth—the soil to be held by the State, and leased to individuals, or associations—education to be gratuitous and universal.

Western Reserve Mass Freedom Convention.

AT RAVENNA, JUNE 25.

The Painesville Convention passed, among others, the following resolutions.

Resolved, That we recommend a Mass Convention, of the Friends of Freedom on the Western Reserve, to be held at Ravenna, on the 25th of June.

Resolved, That we ask the citizens of Ravenna, to appoint the appropriate committees and make the requisite arrangements.

In response to the foregoing recommendation, the Free Soilers of Ravenna, pursuant to notice met at the Court House, and appointed the undersigned a committee of arrangements to make preparations for the Convention.

We, therefore, notify our fellow citizens, that all necessary arrangements for the Convention will be made—invitations will be given to distinguished speakers in different sections of the country, many of whom will doubtless attend, and others may address us by letter.

It is hoped that the friends of freedom will rally promptly to the discharge of patriotic duties—and respond, with enthusiasm to this call, and assemble in great numbers to consult and confer together in regard to the action to be had in the important crisis which has come upon us.

WILLIAM FRAZER,
WILLIAM CALINE,
DAVID MCINTOSH,
RICHARD J. THOMPSON,
IRA GARDNER,
JOHN WHITTLESEY,
ALBERT AUSTIN,
S. A. GILLETT,
ISAAC BRAYTON,
FRED. W. SEYMOUR,
EZRA B. TAYLOR,
WALLACE WILLIAMSON,
ALEX. TOPPING,
Committee of Arrangements.

CIRCULAR.

At Salem Quarterly Meeting held 10th of 5th mo., 1851, a communication was received from New Garden Quarterly Meeting, proposing a Conference of the Friends of Ohio Yearly Meeting, which resulted in the appointment of one, to be held at Salem, 14th day of 6th mo. next, to take into consideration the best interests of society. A Committee was appointed to unite with the Committee from New Garden in circulating information to Friends and others.

In pursuance with our appointment the Committee would invite and seriously urge upon all those interested in advancing the great interests of society, to meet together, for the purpose of consultation, in regard to the peculiar situation of Society, in its religious associations, believing that we have endured proscription till, to longer remain under its power would be wrong; and that truly to develop our spiritual natures, and promote the true interests of humanity, require associations of a purer, more free, and higher character than those in which illiberal, and assumed spiritual authority prevails.

In view of these and other considerations we invite all, everywhere, who are interested, to meet with us in conference to be held at Salem, 14th day of 6th mo., 1851, at 10 o'clock.

LOT HOLMES, William Griffith,
George Gardiner, Mary Griffith,
Rebecca T. Marsh, William H. Hurlbut,
Isaac Tresselt, Rebecca Garretson,
Jonathan Morris, Benj. Hambleton,
Robert Hilles.

OBITUARY.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

DIED 4th mo., 11th, 1851, at the house of his brother in Millwood, Guernsey Co., O., Ezra Scott aged nearly 24 years, after a severe illness of about four months which terminated in inflammation of the lungs.

He went to Mt. Union in the eleventh month last and engaged himself at school for the winter, term, being hardly able to reach home, and living but nine days after his arrival.

The deceased was of a lively and cheerful turn of mind, and as much as possible administered to his own wants, to the last. His disposition was meek and gentle; preventing all bickering with his associates. Though he suffered infirmities from others by intrigue, treachery and deceit, he seemed to bear it all with christian fortitude, and to look forward with hope. He was a subscriber to, and diligent reader of The Bugle, fully adopting its motto, as well as the principles of most of the moral reforms of the day, and an uncompromising opposer of the popular churches and Orthodox clergy of the times. He was also an affectionate son, a sympathizing brother, a diligent and faithful nurse at the bedside of the sick. He was of industrious habits, as well as a studious scholar spending but little of his time in amusements, but on the contrary devoting almost his whole pecuniary means, and his last energies, to the pursuit of useful knowledge.

J. S.

DIED—In New Garden, this county, on Wednesday the 21st inst., CATHERINE, wife of Isaac Johnson, in the 26th year of her age, of consumption.

The United States, which at first had assigned to it only 10,000 superficial feet of space less than France, at the Great Exhibition, and which was ranked second in consideration by the Royal Commission, has only contributed 875 packages, while the States of Zollverein send nearly 1,600. The consignments of Holland and Spain are nearly equalled by those of Tunis, and somewhat exceeded by China. Belgium has sent 1,093 packages, a quantity which places her above Austria and the United States, and on a par with Prussia, Brazil, New Grenada, Persia, and the Society Islands, send a solitary contribution; Mexico and Peru four, and Western Africa nine. The total number of foreign packages received is 10,082. Only 1,500 empty cases have yet been sent out of the building.

THOS'S SHARP & BROTHERS.

Salem, May 30, 1851.

JOSEPH BARNABY, *Exe*.

GEORGE WOLF, *Exe*.

W. M. BRIGHT, *Genl. Agent*.

JOSEPH ESTEP, *Exe*.

APRIL 22, 1851.

W. M. BRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O.

PROMPT ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS IN

TRUMBULL AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

NOV. 23, '51.

JOSEPH BARNABY, *Exe*.

JOSEPH BARN

Miscellaneous.

SIBERIA.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The following deeply interesting sketch was written by a Polish Exile.

Siberia, a land so famous yet so little known, has, like all mysteries, touched many fancies and busied many pens. Unwillingly a resident there, I wish to sketch some of its peculiarities as a relief against my tedious life. I write to kill time, but even if what I say shall lack system, it must needs be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a country so well deserving and rewarding attention, yet rarely visited, save by those who would much more gladly go the other way. Should I be fortunate enough once more to reach my native land, it will be my pleasure to arrange all the results of my Siberian experience, and to give them an adequate form.

I am a Political Prisoner, and my punishment is banishment. But political crimes have their degrees, and so also have their retributions. There are four grades of punishment in Siberia:

First, Residence in a city.

Second, Service in a Siberian Battalion.

Third, Colonization.

Fourth, Public labor—in other words, work in the mines.

There is also a fifth grade, which is however, but a greater degree of the fourth, Prisoners in company.

Whoever is sentenced to a residence in a city retains his right as a nobleman. He can correspond with his friends, although naturally the whole correspondence passes thro' the hands of the Mayor of the city, and is very limited in its scope. The prisoner must not go beyond the city limits, but within them he may employ his time as he will, and is not constrained to labor. Whoever is appointed to a battalion has the same privilege of correspondence under the same conditions.

The political colonists take their name from the fact that they were formerly only allowed to live in villages. They are deprived of nobility, and in order of rank they stand lower than the Russian boors. Justice ceases for them, and anybody may insult and maltreat them without danger from the law. Yet they belong still to the living, and may also correspond with their friends. At present the colonists mostly live in the city, are not forced to work, and have no other superintendence than that of the ordinary police.

Those who are condemned to a living death in the bowels of the earth, there to perish, or after an endurance of suffering to become Colonists, are no more to be mocked with human beings but with beasts of burden, with tools and machines. All human intercourse has ceased for them; they are buried alive and are entirely beyond the law.

The Companion Prisoners are compelled to the most loathsome labor in the forts and prisons, always wear chains and have the head half-shaved. This class is considered the lowest of all. Russian social rank admits nothing lower. It is a great error to despise the position of the Russian serfs. In the eyes of the prisoners they have great importance, especially the serfs of the crown. It would be long and weary work for the condemned to climb to the rights and importance even of this class.

The manner in which the prisoners reach their appointed place of punishment depends mainly upon the verdict and much upon the humor of the Judges. As far as Tobolsk the transport generally goes by post, and with some few short pauses at night for rest. The third and fourth classes of the condemned perform the rest of the journey upon foot, laden with chains and in company with the most abandoned men, together with whom they are often bound to an iron pole. I know nothing sadder and more horrible than the encounter of such a procession. For my own part I recall nothing in Dante's Hell so awful. They do indeed, with some human feeling allow these wretched wanderers some days of rest. But where must they pass them? In the jails upon the desert, close by the post stations; jails devoted to the very scum of humanity, and in full view of the horses and carriages whose use is denied to their despairing weariness.

The population of Siberia is divided into three classes—peasants of the crown, traders, and officials of every kind.

The peasant owns no master and is free from forced labor. With a little gift to the Czar he finds every thing easy. Coming from the first, he throws himself eagerly into the stream of trade, and soon becomes false, as his business is governed neither by religion nor morality. Even when it is of no personal advantage he lies for the love of it, and with sly satisfaction despises the defrauded victim, whom he regards as his intellectual inferior. If you ask him whether he is a Russian he answers—No, I am a Siberian. But you will much mistake if you expect to find in him a peculiar nationality.

The native is Russian through and through, and shares all the Russian virtues and vices. He has no inspiring recollections of the past, no national prejudices and songs—and is the most prosaic man upon God's earth. He is even inferior in these respects to the Tartars, whose descendants are scattered about among the Russians, like islands. Among these men lingers yet some shadow, as it were, of their former dignity and dominion. Although to-day slaves, from whose hearts all hope of freedom has died away, and who have no longer even the idea of a fatherland, yet in their songs sounds still a vague yearning toward the great days departed, and their simple artlessness touches the heart like a beautiful dream. It matters not that you do not understand the words of the song—it's sense is evident enough. It is the heir of an invincible race saying, upon the graves of his fathers, a prayer which he does not himself understand.

The Siberian Russian has no thought for the Past. There is no yesterday to him: nothing but the present moment—and that moment a combined enjoyment of brandy, bathing and tea. Vainly do you speak to him of heaven, for his heaven is where he finds schnapps, tea and a vapor-bath. God, he knows only as an image or more properly as a caricature, before which a lamp burns and by which he bends and crosses himself when he enters the room. This ceremony is the whole ritual of the Siberian, and quite suffices for his spiritual needs. As long as I have lived in Siberia, and God knows, it is no short time, I have never heard a mother teach her child to pray.

The merchant differs from the peasant only in appearance. But he is quite as false,

and, as he is of more consideration in the world, he goes more skilfully to work. If he does not surpass the Jew in cunning, he does not yield to him. This is own in the proverb—"Where a Russian trader settles, a Jew has no chance."

Among the traders must be reckoned the Russian priests, for they are merchants, too, and trade in objects of religious devotion. The priest advises the sick Siberian peasant to have the Virgin Mary for him, and charms with him about the price of the visit. It depends upon the amount, whether he shall have a large or small image, and whether it shall come to the patient's house on foot or in a carriage. This last style of visit, as costing much more, is held to be much more efficacious in its results to the invalid. The priest accompanies the image to the house attended by a retinue of people appalled according to the extravagance of the expense. Not only does this profligacy obtain in Siberia, but also throughout Russia.

When a Siberian dies, the Priest issues a certificate for him, which, of course, must be paid. This certificate the corpse bears in his hand to open the gates of heaven, and the heavenly police, who it seems, are as severely disciplined as on earth, permit him to pass. The Emperor, as head of the Church, is obliged to sanction such blasphemy, and the Government takes no care to stop the practices or raise the people out of such darkness.

The faults which characterise the peasant and trader, belong also to the official, only he must be yet more sly and skilful, for he wears the imperial grace in his button-hole. But just there is the ground of his baseness, that the Government knows constantly his conduct, and the severer he is the faster he rises. Liquor and cards sweeten the fatigues of labor; he gambles, however not for amusement but for gain. The official invites a select party of his prisoners to a game of Boston, knowing perfectly well, that he is to be the winner; for woe to the thoughtless man who does not dexterously lose his money. He learns soon enough that the game in Siberia is played after quite other rules than elsewhere, and that if an imperial Russian official honors a banished man by sitting with him at table, he should be eager to pay roundly for that honor.

Among the inhabitants of Siberia are also to be reckoned those who in the phraseology of the Government are called Kirgish, who have ostensibly submitted to the Russian yoke. The warlike among them are however independent to this day, and like the Tcherkish, are in perpetual feud with the Russians. The friendly, too, do not always deserve the name for a favorable chance they join with their free brethren and fall upon the Russian villages that lie along the border between the two races, and lay everything waste.

Yet the Russians often win brilliant victories over these foes, and I had some opportunities of observing the prisoners brought in. Far away a noise is heard, not shrill, but a smothered roar as from the interior of the earth. Then the green Russian uniform appears, and behind this a crowd of gray-hads laden with chains, and surrounded by a guard of soldiers. Momently it pauses, for the old men who can scarce carry along their own bodies, must constantly rest as they creep on with their heavy chains. These are the hostages of the Kirgish, and those who conduct them are for the most part Poles, who serve in the Siberian battalions—Slaves leading Slaves.

What now does Russia with all these people; why does she lead them into captivity, and what finally becomes of them?—These are unanswerable questions. Should they be ransomed? The Kirgish is too poor for that. He has only the dry desert; his feet, tent and his horse, and they do not suffice for a ransom. Even the friend Kirgish looks upon the Siberian with contempt, and stays in his cities only long enough to transact his business. That once over, he springs upon his horse and hunts whatever comes to hand, as if he regretted the time lost and hoped to make it up.

The Kirgish is a genuine Nomad and passes his life in the wild. When not on horseback he sits in his conical tent, made of the skin of camel's hair. Here he drinks his Kumi, a sour, spirituous, exciting drink, made of mare's milk, which he suffers to drip into a leather bag adapted to the purpose. The Siberians drink it as a medicine, and contend that it is good for diseases of the heart and even for consumption.

The Kirgish externally resemble the Tartars, and have, like them, ugly features, little glowing eyes, deeply set in the head, curling black hair, and a pale complexion.

But the resemblance is only external. The Tartar has somewhat civilized himself, and has become a quiet, peace-loving tradesman, while the Kirgish is still the wild son of the Steppe.

Brave, impudent and fiery as his horse; bold as his drink; he doubles up his fist when he meets a Russian, and fosters his hatred for ever.

The Siberian Tartar dreams no more of Freedom; he has become used to the yoke, and is a good subject. The Kirgish, too, has been obliged to submit, but the consciousness lies like a stone upon his heart.

Apparently he bends under the iron law, but it is only that he may be nearer the oppressor, or rather allows chance to discover, if there be any witness against the prisoner. The Brodaga, who knows well enough how little danger he is in this proceeding, throws himself confidently into the arms of Justice, and has thereby obtained all that for the moment he wants—a warm room, food without work, and company, which he immediately sharply scorns, and selects for associates those who belong to him by mutual sympathies.

As the Winter approaches and his gold gives out, he betakes himself stealthily to a city in which he has never been, and where he is sure that no one knows him. There he announces himself to the local authorities, but in a very peculiar manner. He says, with seeming simplicity, that he is a Brodaga, that he does not know where he was born, or what his name is, nor where he has hitherto lived, or been doing. Such a confession in political cases would be quite sufficient to insure a vigorous application of the knout to refresh the memory. But the question is now of something less than Politics; at most, nothing more than a murderer must have it's way. What then, does the Judge do? He sends the delinquent to Jail, and endeavors to discover, or rather allows chance to discover, if there be any witness against the prisoner. The Brodaga, who knows well enough how little danger he is in this proceeding, throws himself confidently into the arms of Justice, and has thereby obtained all that for the moment he wants—a warm room, food without work, and company, which he immediately sharply scorns, and selects for associates those who belong to him by mutual sympathies.

As the Winter ends, the way of escape is smoothed by diplomatic arrangements with the overseer, or at a fitting opportunity, the watch being won over, the prisoner digs his way out under ground, and goes to his old work. Should it unluckily chance that the Brodaga is recognized in the Jail, and that some witness appears against him, then a place in the mines, or companionship with some other convict, is his lot. He receives a generous share of the knout, and is branded for his repeated escapes. All this, however, does not terrify him or destroy his taste for his trade. He remains what he was; becomes more cunning, and even contrives to render his brand invisible.

Shortly after our arrival in Siberia we were visited by a man apparently very respectable. He informed us that he was ill, and having heard that one of us was a physician, he desired to avail himself of his advice. He visited us frequently, and was enthusiastic for German literature. Schiller delighted him above all other poets, and he was charmed to find that we had a copy of his works, and that he could see them privately. He gave us to understand that he was a Swede, that he had been formerly a tight-rope dancer, and had done a very good business. But unhappily, he once fell from the cord and broke his leg; since when he had depended upon the charity of the Poles for his trade. He remains what he was; becomes more cunning, and even contrives to render his brand invisible.

Just at this time, the Mayor of the city to which we had been allotted for our residence, and in which we had made the acquaintance of the Schiller enthusiast, died, and the Superintendent of Police, a great lover of spiritual drink, assumed his functions *ad interim*. It was not long before our rope-dancing friend was on the most intimate terms with the new Mayor, and gradually concerned himself in all the details of business. More than once we received our letters through him in a quiet way. We believed nothing less than that the intruder would gradually tip the Chief of Police out of the saddle, and raise himself to the dignity of Mayor. But the stars had otherwise decreed. A Judge from Tobolsk came upon an official visit to the Mayor, who received him in the room where our friend was seated. The Judge looked at him sharply, recognized him at once as an old offender

whom he had formerly tried and condemned for murder, and ordered him instantly to be arrested. It turned out that our crafty friend was a common soldier in the guards, who had murdered his officer and broken open his chest, and had then become a Brodaga. He received an application of the knout and was sent to the mines, but it is very possible that he has smuggled himself out again, and that he is to-day an official somewhere.

Murder, even in broad daylight is here very common. Women thus revenge themselves upon an unfaithful lover, or to get rid of a tedious husband, or of children who hinder the maternal plans. The usual means is poison. When the deed is done, the murderer goes to the Judge, shows him a five-ruble piece, (the customary fee in such cases)—declares, if were a man, that he drank himself to death. The official then turns the thing over to the Physician of the District, who inspects the body, drinks a cup of tea in the house of mourning,—slips the five rouble into his pocket and certifies that the deceased died of apoplexy, occasioned by drinking. The thing is then done. When children are caused to die there is a similar proceeding, only the fatal illness has naturally another name. Into such society falls the exile who has scarcely shed the shoes of childhood, and is not yet capable of a political offense. Yet the Commission of Inquiry, bent upon advancing itself, finds something to do here. Games and jokes are adjudged to be conspiracies. They arrest the children, and by blows and threats, and promises, drive them into confessions of deeds of which they have never dreamed. What must become of children under such influences?

Among the inhabitants of Siberia are also to be reckoned those who in the phraseology of the Government are called Kirgish, who have ostensibly submitted to the Russian yoke. The warlike among them are however independent to this day, and like the Tcherkish, are in perpetual feud with the Russians. The friendly, too, do not always deserve the name for a favorable chance they join with their free brethren and fall upon the Russian villages that lie along the border between the two races, and lay everything waste.

Yet the Russians often win brilliant victories over these foes, and I had some opportunities of observing the prisoners brought in. Far away a noise is heard, not shrill, but a smothered roar as from the interior of the earth. Then the green Russian uniform appears, and behind this a crowd of gray-hads laden with chains, and surrounded by a guard of soldiers. Momently it pauses, for the old men who can scarce carry along their own bodies, must constantly rest as they creep on with their heavy chains. These are the hostages of the Kirgish, and those who conduct them are for the most part Poles, who serve in the Siberian battalions—Slaves leading Slaves.

What now does Russia with all these people; why does she lead them into captivity, and what finally becomes of them?—These are unanswerable questions. Should they be ransomed? The Kirgish is too poor for that. He has only the dry desert; his feet, tent and his horse, and they do not suffice for a ransom. Even the friend Kirgish looks upon the Siberian with contempt, and stays in his cities only long enough to transact his business. That once over, he springs upon his horse and hunts whatever comes to hand, as if he regretted the time lost and hoped to make it up.

The Kirgish is a genuine Nomad and passes his life in the wild. When not on horseback he sits in his conical tent, made of the skin of camel's hair. Here he drinks his Kumi, a sour, spirituous, exciting drink, made of mare's milk, which he suffers to drip into a leather bag adapted to the purpose.

The Siberians drink it as a medicine, and contend that it is good for diseases of the heart and even for consumption.

The Kirgish externally resemble the Tartars, and have, like them, ugly features, little glowing eyes, deeply set in the head, curling black hair, and a pale complexion.

But the resemblance is only external. The Tartar has somewhat civilized himself, and has become a quiet, peace-loving tradesman, while the Kirgish is still the wild son of the Steppe.

Brave, impudent and fiery as his horse; bold as his drink; he doubles up his fist when he meets a Russian, and fosters his hatred for ever.

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and as cheap as the country can produce.

Dobb, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on "tracing paper," and wedding notices on "fool's cap."

Upon the wide steppes of Siberia neither roses blow nor nightingales sing, but little islands of Forget-me-not are strewed here and there, which by their color remind the poor exile of heaven and seem to say to him "God is here too."

From the N. Y. Day Book.

The Best of Times is Now.

"There is a good time coming, boys." Is the burden of the song; Such is the poetry of youth, When life and hope are strong; But when the sun of life declines, Age cries, "How changed are men! Things were not so when I was young. The best of times was then.

"There is a good time coming, boys." Is true enough I trow, And says the plain, unclouded truth— There is a good time now: Why not improve the present, then, Where'er the future lead, And let each passing moment's page Bear proof of thought and deed.

"There is a good time coming, boys," Makes many a heedless youth, Who all forgets the present hour— The first, the greatest truth— That of all times since earth began The present is for him— That age will soon his powers waste, And polsly mind and limb.

"There is a good time coming, boys," And many a one has passed— For each has had his own good time, And will have to the last. Then tarry not, oh! eager youth, For fairer gales to blow, But bear in mind the first of truths— The best of times is now!

An American Grace Darling.

New Daily Paper in Boston.

A large number of earnest Friends of Freedom, dissatisfied with the present condition of the Party Press, and desirous of having an organ which shall set forth, temperately but fearlessly, their sentiments and principles, have come forward and contributed, each one his mite, to a Fund for that purpose.

That Fund has been placed in the hands of Trustees who will publish in the City of Boston, on the First Day of January, 1851, a new Daily Paper, to be called THE COMMONWEALTH, and continue to publish the same every morning, except Sunday.

It will set forth the principles of the FREE SOIL PARTY; but it will be truly A FREE PAPER, and not the bond-servant of any cause, or party, except that of Freedom, Truth, and Humanity.

The POLAR STAR toward which it will ever point will be THE RIGHT; but the right of ALL.

It will recognize the obligation of Law, the necessity of Order, and the duty of Peace and Good Will to men.

No pains or expense will be spared to render